

MERRY'S MUSEUM

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GENTLE READER: be not frightened at this picture of the bee-hive, for we are not going again to tell the "Wonders of the Honey-Bee." We have not, indeed, told the whole story of this curious insect, even though we have devoted some dozen chapters to the subject. But what we now propose, is only to give our young readers a lesson, of

which the bees in the engraving may furnish us a hint.

The great business of the bee family is to gather and lay up honey. They spend their time among flowers; they scrape together the choicest sweets, and bear their burden to their common storehouse.

This is business, among the bees; it is work, and not play.

Perhaps our young readers may imagine that the bees have a happier and easier lot than human beings. Children are obliged to learn and study their books; to work out hard sums in arithmetic; puzzle out the meaning of words; to dive into the mysteries of geography, history, &c. Grown-up people are required to labor in the shop, the field, the factory, counting-room, or office. How different is all this from revelling in roses and gathering honey!

Let me tell you, reader, that the little bee has not so great an advantage after all. In one respect, he furnishes us a good example; he sticks to his business. He does not run hither and thither, in search of idle pleasures; he gets up early, and, from sunrise to sunset, he is at his work. He takes a sip of honey now and then, and if weary he takes a nap; but he never sacrifices his duty to idle romping or foolish wanderings. He always supports his character as the busy bee.

And now let me tell you, reader, that, if you will do your duty as diligently as the bee, you will have as sweet a reward as he. You will have the smiles of your parents, the approbation of your teacher, the respect of your friends, and the nice comfortable feeling about the heart, which always springs from a sense of having done our duty. Is not all this as good as honey?

The Brazilian Savages.

BRAZIL, when first visited by Europeans, was a great wilderness. Its vast plains were covered with thick forests, peopled by a multitude of scattered tribes, without agriculture, arts, or

government, and exhibiting human society in some of its rudest forms.

More than half the territory of Brazil remains in a wild state, still tenanted by the savages. The Jesuits, at an early period, established missions in various parts of this country; and many of the tribes became, under their government, social, peaceable, and humane; the indefatigable perseverance of the missionaries having surmounted the greatest obstacles.

Among the wild tribes, the Boticudos are perhaps the fiercest and most untamable. Where they are unable to contend openly against the Portuguese, they have recourse to stratagem. They sometimes conceal themselves among the branches of trees, and watch an opportunity of discharging their arrows at the unwary traveller. Sometimes they dig pits, fill them with sharp stakes, and cover them with leaves and twigs, as traps for their pursuers. Sometimes they mark out a house and ascertain the number of inhabitants it contains; then, at a convenient opportunity, they set it on fire, and fall on the hapless inmates while they are attempting to escape.

These Indians bear an implacable hatred against the negroes, whom they eat without scruple, after killing them. But, daring and ferocious as they are, they can always be put to flight by the discharge of a gun; for they are entirely unacquainted with the use of firearms.

The Guaycoros, another wild tribe, are renowned for their strength and courage, among the Brazilians. They are expert horsemen, and are armed with long bows, arrows, and lances. They have waged long wars with the Spaniards and Portuguese, and, though often defeated in battle,

*Brazilian Savages.*

they have never been completely subdued. They manufacture a coarse sort of cotton cloth, which they exchange with the neighboring tribes for horses.

The Brazilian Indians, in general, are distinguished for their bravery and bodily strength. When they are taken prisoners, their spirit cannot be subdued, either by stripes or kindness. Many of them, in despair of regaining their freedom, have refused all food, and starved themselves to death. When suffering excruciating torments at the stake, they brave

their tormentors, and boast that they may take away their lives, but that they can never deprive them of their courage.

These Indians paint their bodies with various colors, and decorate themselves with grotesque ornaments of shells, bones, and feathers. They eat lizards and monkeys, among other kinds of game. Their habitations are rude huts, which are sometimes so large as to contain fifteen or twenty families. On fixed days they hold public dances, which serve at once as an amusement and as a religious ceremony.

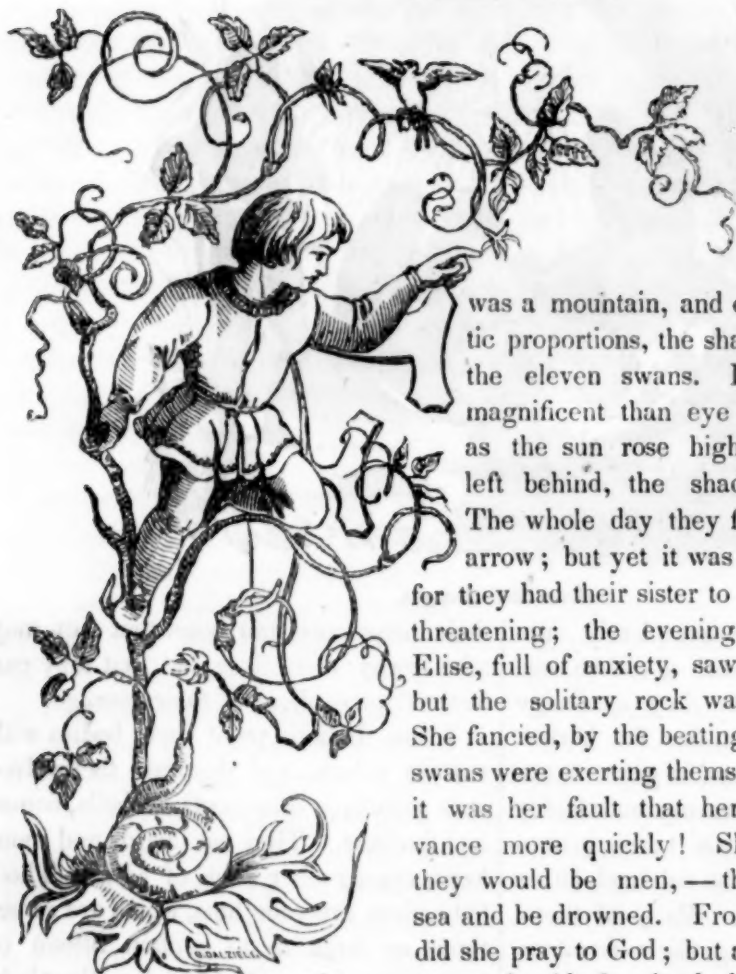
COOLEDNESS. Eurydamas, a Cyrenean, who was the victor on one occasion at the Olympic games, had his teeth struck out by a blow given him by his antagonist in the game of whirlbats. He immediately swallowed them, lest his ad-

versary should discover what had befallen him, and take fresh courage.

PAY what you owe, and you will know what you are worth.

The Swans.

[Continued from p. 48.]



THEY flew so high, that the first ship they saw below them seemed like a white seamew hovering over the waves. Elise beheld a large cloud behind them; it

was a mountain, and on it she saw, in gigantic proportions, the shadows of herself and of the eleven swans. It was a picture more magnificent than eye had ever gazed on; but as the sun rose higher and the cloud was left behind, the shadowy picture vanished. The whole day they flew on like a whizzing arrow; but yet it was more slowly than usual, for they had their sister to carry. The sky looked threatening; the evening was closing in; and Elise, full of anxiety, saw the sun sinking down; but the solitary rock was not to be discerned. She fancied, by the beating of their wings, that the swans were exerting themselves very much. Alas! it was her fault that her brothers could not advance more quickly! Should the sun set, then they would be men,—they would fall into the sea and be drowned. From her very inmost heart did she pray to God; but as yet no rock was to be seen: the black cloud drew nearer; the violent

gusts of wind announced a storm; the clouds stood upreared on a frightfully large wave, that rolled onwards with the speed of the hurricane; and it lightened, one flash quickly following the other.

The sun was now on the very margin of the sea. Elise's heart beat violently; when suddenly the swans darted downwards so rapidly that she thought she was falling; but now again she floated in the air. The sun was half in the water when she perceived for the first time the small rock below her, which to her eyes did not appear larger than the head of a seal, when the creature sticks it out of the water. And the sun went down so fast—already it was only like a star; when at the same moment her foot touched the firm ground, and the sun vanished like the last spark of a piece of burning paper. She saw her brothers standing round her

arm-in-arm; but there* was not more room than just enough for them and for her. The sea dashed boisterously against the rock, and fell on them like a heavy shower of rain; the sky was one continual blaze of fire, and the thunder rolled uninterruptedly; but the brothers and their sister held each other by the hand and sang a psalm, and it gave them consolation and strength.

At daybreak the air was clear and still; and as soon as the sun rose the swans flew away from the island with Elise. There was yet a high sea; and when they were up in the clouds, and looked down on the blackish-green ocean full of white foam, it seemed as if a million swans were skimming over the water.

As the sun rose higher, Elise saw before her, half-swimming as it were in the air, a mountainous country with glittering glaciers; and amid them stood a palace, miles long, with one bold colonnade rising over the other, and surrounded with palm-groves and beautiful flowers, each as large as a mill-wheel. She asked if that was the land to which they were flying; but the swans shook their heads; for what she saw was the glorious and ever-changing cloud-palace of the Fata Morgana,* — thither they dare bring no one; and while Elise's gaze was still fixed upon it, mountains, groves, and palace all tumbled down together, and twelve proud churches stood in their place, all like each other, with high towers and pointed windows. She thought she could hear the organ pealing; but what she heard was merely the roar of the sea. She was now quite near the churches, when suddenly they were changed into a fleet, that

sailed below. She looked down, but there was only the haze of the sea driving along over the water. There was a continual change before her eyes; but at last she really saw the land she was to go to. There, beautiful blue mountains lifted themselves on high, with forests of cedars, and towers and palaces. Long before sunset she was sitting on a hill before a large cavern, which was so thickly covered by green creeping plants, that it looked as if overspread with embroidered hangings.

"Let us see, now, what you dream to-night!" said the youngest brother, as he showed her the chamber where she was to sleep.

"Would that I might dream how I could disenchant you!" said she. And this thought possessed her entirely; she prayed heartily to God for aid, and even in her dreams continued her prayer. Then it seemed to her as if she were flying high through the air to the cloud-palace of the Fata Morgana; and the fairy advanced to meet her, in light and loveliness; and yet, after all, it was the old woman who had given her berries in the wood, and told her of the swans with golden crowns on their heads.

"Thy brothers may be released," said the fairy; "but hast thou patience and fortitude? 'Tis true the sea is softer than thy delicate hands, and yet it changes the form of the hard stones; but it feels not the pain which your tender fingers would suffer. It has no heart, and suffereth not the anguish and suspense which thou wouldst have to endure. Dost thou see these nettles in my hand? Many such grow around the cave where thou sleepest: these only, and such as shoot up out

* Mirage.

of the graves in the churchyard, are of use, and mark this — thou must gather them, although they sting thy hands; thou must brake* the nettles with thy feet, and then thou wilt have yarn; and of this yarn, with weaving and winding, thou must make eleven shirts of mail with long sleeves; and if thou throwest these over the eleven wild swans, then the enchantment is at an end. But remember, from the moment thou beginnest thy work until its completion, even should years pass by meanwhile, thou must not utter a single word: the first sound of thy lips will pass like a fatal dagger through thy brothers' hearts — on thy tongue depends their life. Mark well all that I say!"

And at the same moment the fairy touched Elise's hand with the nettle; it was like burning fire; and it awoke her. It was bright day; and close beside her bed lay a nettle like that she had seen in her dream. Then she fell on her knees, thanked God, and went out of the cavern to begin her work.

With her delicate hands she seized the horrid nettles that burned like fire. Her hands and arms were blistered; but she minded it not, could her dear brothers be but freed. She trampled on each nettle with her naked feet, and twisted the green flax.

At sunset her brothers returned: they were sadly frightened at Elise's dumbness, and thought it was a new enchantment under which she was laid by their wicked step-mother; but when they saw her blistered hands, they knew what their sister was doing for their sakes, and the youngest brother wept; and whenever

his tears fell, Elise felt no pain — the burning smart ceased immediately.

The whole night she was occupied with her work; for she could not rest till she had freed her dear brothers. All the following day she sat in solitude, while the swans were flying afar; but never did time seem to pass so quickly. One shirt of mail was finished; and now she began the second.

Suddenly the horn of a hunter was heard among the mountains. She grew frightened — the sound came nearer — she heard the bark of the dogs. Full of apprehension, she flew into the cavern, tied the nettles which she had gathered and hackled into a bundle, and seated herself upon it.

At the same moment a large dog sprang forward out of the bushes, and immediately after another, and another: they barked loudly, then ran back and came again. It was not long before the hunters themselves stood in front of the cave, and the handsomest of them all was the king of the country. He advanced towards Elise; a maiden more beautiful than she had he never beheld.

"Whence comest thou, lovely child?" said he. Elise shook her head; she dared not speak, for the deliverance and the life of her brothers depended on her silence. She hid her hands underneath her apron, that the king might not see what she was obliged to suffer.

"Come with me," said he; "thou must not stay here. If thou art as good as thou art beautiful, I will clothe thee in silk and velvet, I will put a golden crown upon thy head, and thou shalt dwell in my palace with me." So saying, he lifted her on his horse. She wept, and wrung

A brake is an instrument for dressing flax.

her hands; but the king said, "I only seek thy happiness! one day thou wilt be thankful to me!" And he galloped away over hill and valley, holding her fast before him; and the huntsmen followed at full speed.

As the sun was going down, she saw before her the magnificent capital, with its churches and domes; and the king led her to the palace, where jets of water were splashing on the high marble walls; where wall and ceiling shone with the richest paintings. But all this delighted not her eyes; she mourned and wept, and in silence suffered the women to array her in royal robes, to braid her hair with pearls, and to put soft gloves on her burned hands.

At last, there she stood in all her glory, and was so dazzlingly beautiful that the whole court bowed before her; and the king chose her as his betrothed; although the archbishop shook his head, and whispered to the king that the lovely forest maiden must certainly be a witch, who had intoxicated his heart and dazzled his eye by her beauty.

But the king gave no heed to his words: he ordered the music to sound, and the richest meats were served, and the loveliest girls danced before her, and she was led through odorous gardens to the most magnificent halls. But no smile played on her lip, nor in her eye: affliction only was hers; it was her sole possession. Then the king opened a small chamber adjoining her sleeping-room; it was covered with costly green carpeting, and resembled exactly the cavern in which she had formerly been. On the floor lay a bundle of flax, which she had spun from the fibres of the nettles; and from

the ceiling hung the shirt of mail which she had completed. All this had been collected and brought hither by one of the hunters as a curiosity.

"Here canst thou dream that thou art in thy former home," said the king. "Here is the work which occupied thee there. Now, amid all thy splendor, it will delight thee to live in fancy that time over again."

When Elise saw what was so dear to her heart, a smile played about her mouth, and the blood came back again to her cheeks. She thought of the deliverance of her brothers, and kissed the king's hand. He pressed her to his heart, and ordered that all the church-bells should announce the wedding-festival. The beautiful forest maiden became queen of the country.

Then the archbishop whispered words of evil import in the king's ear; but they did not sink deep in his heart. The marriage was celebrated; the archbishop even was obliged to set the crown on her head; and in his wicked rage he pressed the narrow circlet of gold so hard upon her forehead, that it pained her; but a heavier weight — grief for her brothers — lay on her heart; so that she felt not the bodily smart. She spoke not; for a single word would have caused her brothers' death, but in her eyes was an expression of deep love for the good and handsome king, who did every thing to make her happy. With her whole heart she grew every day more attached to him. O, had she but dared to confide to him her sorrows, and tell him all she felt! But dumb she must remain; in silence must she accomplish her task. And so at night she slipped away, went into the small

room which was decked like the cavern, and wove one shirt of mail after the other; but when she began the seventh, behold, the flax was all gone!

She well knew that such nettles as she could use grew in the churchyard; but then she herself must gather them, and how was she to get out to do so?

"O, what's the smarting of my fingers compared to the anguish that my heart endures?" thought she: "venture I must; and God will surely not withdraw his hand from me."

Trembling as though she were going to commit a wicked action, she one moonlight night crept down into the garden, and went through the long avenues, and on the solitary road to the churchyard. There she saw, on one of the broadest gravestones, a troop of Lamias sitting; ugly witches, who took off their ragged covering as though they were going to bathe, and then dug with their long, thin fingers amid the fresh grass, and drew forth the dead bodies, and devoured the flesh. Elise was forced to pass near them; and the witches fixed upon her their malicious eyes; but she said a prayer, gathered the stinging nettles, and carried them home to the palace.

Only a single person had seen her; it was the archbishop. He watched while the others slept. Now, he was sure he was right when he said the queen was not what she should be; that she was a witch; and that the king and the people were beguiled by her enchantments.

When the king went to confess, the archbishop told him what he had seen, and what he feared; and as these wicked words passed his lips, the carved figures of saints around the confessional shook

their heads, as though they would say, "It is not true! Elise is innocent!" But the archbishop explained it otherwise; he said it was a sign of her guilt, and that the figures shook their heads at her sins.

Then two large tears rolled down the cheeks of the king; and it was with a heavy heart that he went home. In the night he pretended to be asleep; but no sleep came to his eyes; and he observed that Elise rose every night; and each time he followed her softly, and saw how she disappeared in her little room.

Each day the countenance of the king grew darker. Elise saw it, and knew not the cause; but it made her uneasy: and what did her heart not suffer on her brothers' account! Her bitter tears rolled down on the royal velvet and purple, and lay there like sparkling diamonds; and all who saw the splendor and magnificence with which she was surrounded, wished themselves in Elise's place. In the mean time, however, her work was nearly completed; one shirt of mail only was wanting, but her flax was exhausted; she had not a single nettle more. Once more, only once, would she be obliged to go to the churchyard and pluck a handful. She thought with terror of the lonely walk, and of the horrible Lamias; but her resolve was as firm as her trust in God.

Elise went; but the king and the archbishop followed her. They saw her vanish at the churchyard gate; and, on approaching nearer, they saw the Lamias sitting on a gravestone, as Elise had seen them; and the king turned away at the sight; for he thought that she, whose head had that evening rested on his bosom, was one of them.

"She shall be judged by the people!"

said he. And the people condemned her to the flames.

From the magnificent royal hall she was now led to a dismal, damp cell, where the wind whistled through the grated window. Instead of velvet and silk, they gave her the bundle of nettles which she had collected, as a pillow for her head; and the coarse, hard shirts of mail were to serve her as bed and covering: but nothing could have delighted her more; and she set to work again, and prayed fervently to God. Before her prison door the populace sang jeering songs about her: not a soul comforted her with one word of affection.

All at once, towards evening, she heard the rustling of swans' wings close to her window. It was her youngest brother, who had found his sister; and she sobbed aloud for joy, although she knew that the coming night would perhaps be the last of her life. But then the work was nearly done, and her brothers were at hand.

The archbishop came to pass the last hour with her, for he had promised the king to do so; but she shook her head, and begged him, by look and gesture, to leave her. This night her task must be accomplished, or all would have been in vain — tears, sorrows, and many a sleepless night. The archbishop went away with angry words upon his lips; but poor Elise knew she had done nothing wrong, and continued her work.

The little mice ran busily backwards and forwards, and dragged the nettles to her feet, in order to help her a little; and the thrush sat on the grating of her window, and sang the whole night as merrily as he could, that Elise might not be disheartened.

It began to dawn; it was still an hour

before the sun would be up, when the eleven brothers stood before the palace-gates, and asked to be led into the presence of the king. They were told it could not be, for it was still night; besides, the king was asleep, and no one dared to wake him. They entreated, they threatened; the guard came, and at last even the king appeared, and asked what was the matter; when just at that moment the sun rose, and there were no longer any brothers to be seen, but eleven white swans flew over the palace.

The people streamed out of the city gates; for all wished to see the witch burnt. A miserable horse dragged the cart on which she sat: they had dressed her in a sort of frock of coarse sackcloth; her beautiful long hair hung loose around her head; her cheeks were deathly pale; her lips moved almost imperceptibly while she spun the green flax; for even on the way to death she ceased not from the work she had begun. The ten shirts of mail lay at her feet; she was weaving the eleventh.

"Look at the witch!" shouted the people; "how she is muttering! She has no book of psalms in her hand; no, there she sits with her accursed conjuration: take it from her! tear it in a thousand pieces!"

And they all rushed towards her, intending to destroy the shirts of mail; when suddenly eleven white swans were seen. They flew to Elise, formed a circle round her, and beat the air with their wings. The frightened crowd gave way.

"'Tis a sign from heaven! she is surely innocent!" whispered some; but they dared not say it aloud.

The executioner seized her hand;

when quickly she threw the eleven shirts of mail over the swans, and eleven handsome princes stood before her; but the youngest had one swan's wing instead of an arm, for a sleeve was wanting on his shirt of mail.

"Now I may speak," said she. "I am innocent!"

And the populace, that had seen what had happened, bowed before her as before a saint; but she sank insensible in the arms of her brothers, overcome by suspense, pain, and sorrow.

"Yes, she is innocent!" said the eldest brother; and he related all that had

befallen her. While he spake, an odor as of a million roses spread around; for each billet of wood in the pile had taken root, and put forth branches and blossoms; so that there was now a sweetly-smelling hedge full of red roses; and on the top of all was a flower of dazzling whiteness, and shining like a star. The king plucked this flower, and laid it on Elise's bosom; and she awoke with joy and peace in her heart.

Then all the church-bells began ringing of their own accord, and the birds came in swarms; and the procession back to the palace was such as no king had ever seen before.



The Indians of Nootka Sound.

THE Indians inhabiting the country on Nootka Sound, and in the neighborhood of the mouth of Columbia River, are divided into many tribes, who

differ but slightly in manners and general appearance. The tribes best known are the Clatsops and the Chinooks.

They are, in general, robust and well-

proportioned; their faces are large and full; their cheeks high and prominent. They have broad, flat noses, thick lips, and small, black eyes. But their strongest characteristic is caused by an extraordinary custom which they have of flattening the heads of the children when young.

Immediately after birth, the infant is placed in a sort of trough, lined with moss. A padding is laid on the forehead, where it is fastened with a piece of cedar bark and a cord. It is kept in this manner upwards of a year; and the appearance of the little pappoose, during this cruel imprisonment, is said to be frightful. Its little black eyes, forced out by the tightness of the bandage, resemble those of a mouse choked in a trap. Yet it is affirmed that this process causes no pain to the child.

When released from the trough, the head is quite flat, and never afterwards becomes round. The Indians esteem a flat head an essential point of beauty, and allege, in excuse for this custom, that all their slaves have round heads.

The dress of the Nootka Indians is composed either of the skin of a sea-otter, or of a sort of flax made by beating the bark of a tree into coarse filaments. In very cold weather, bear-skins are worn by way of cloaks. The women wear long dresses of matting.

They have in their houses huge idols, or images, carved into grotesque imitations of human faces and bodies. These misshapen figures always occupy a distinguished place in the dwelling. Yet the Indians have never been observed to pay them any marks of worship, or even of respect or attention. On the contrary they are exposed to all the dirt which

abounds in these abodes. When their children die, they put them in wooden boxes and hang them on the trees, where they remain a certain time before they are taken down and buried.

These Indians are very expert in the whale-fishery. They go to sea in large canoes, which hold eighteen or twenty men. Their harpoons are made of bone, attached to a wooden shaft twenty or thirty feet long, to which are fastened a number of seal-skins blown up like bladders; these keep the harpoon above water after the whale is struck. When he feels the smart of the first weapon, he instantly dives and carries the harpoon after him. The boats follow his wake, and, as he rises, the Indians continue to fix their weapons in his back, till he finds it impossible for him to sink from the number of floating buoys which are now made fast to his body.

The whale then drowns, and is towed to the shore with great noise and rejoicing. It is immediately cut up; part is dedicated to the feast which concludes the day, and the remainder is divided among those who have shared in the dangers and glory of the exploit.

SPANISH PRIDE.—A beggar in Madrid asked alms of a person in the street, who, in return, advised him to go to work. The haughty beggar replied, in a tone of lofty contempt, "I asked for your money, and not your advice."

It was said of a man who was fond of dining out, and always spoke ill of his neighbors, that he never opened his mouth but at other people's expense.

Wonders of Biography.

No. II.

THE EMPEROR AKBER.

IN the following article, we shall give a sketch of the life of Mohammed Akber, emperor of Hindostan, or, as these sovereigns are sometimes called, Great Mogul.

Hindostan contains, perhaps, the most ancient race of people to be found in the world. With the earliest authentic history we find civilized communities of men in this country, and the arts of life existing in a high degree of advancement. The Chinese, with all their extravagant pretensions to antiquity, allow the Hindoos to be the older nation.

This country seems designed by nature to be the seat of great wealth and flourishing commerce. It has a productive soil, and a great abundance of navigable streams, both large and small, which the inhabitants have known from the remotest ages how to use advantageously for the purposes of irrigation. Agricultural products here are rich and abundant; comprising all the varieties of tropical fruits and grains, spices, cotton, silk, sugar, and indigo. Gold is found in the rivers, pearls upon the coasts; and the mountains yield iron, copper, silver, and precious stones.

But the wealth of the Hindoos has been owing not more to the productive powers of the soil, than to their own skill and industry. All the commercial nations of the world have resorted to Hindostan for the purposes of trade; and gold and silver have been accumulating in that country from the remotest period at which commerce has been practised. When Alex-

ander the Great invaded India, he found it divided into many rich and powerful kingdoms, which had amassed their great wealth by long-continued industry and commerce. As an example of the profits of the trade carried on by the Hindoos, even at a much later period than this, we may mention that, in the reign of the Roman emperor Aurelian, in the third century, a pound of India silk was worth a pound of gold in Rome.

Akber was born in 1542, at Amercot, a city to which his father, Humaioo, had just been driven by the disasters of war. Humaioo, who then bore the title of emperor, was engaged in hostilities with his rebellious rajahs, who had defeated his armies, and compelled him to fly for his life. The country through which he fled with a few faithful companions, was a sandy desert, and they were near perishing for want of water. Some ran mad; others fell down dead, and nothing was heard but sounds of lamentation and despair. On the fourth day of their retreat, they came to a well. It was very deep, and they had but one bucket, which required so long a time to be drawn up, that a drum was beaten, to give notice when it appeared. The unhappy sufferers were so impatient for the water, that, when the bucket was first seen, a number of them threw themselves upon it—the rope broke, and they fell headlong into the well.

When this fatal accident happened, the screams and lamentations of all became loud and dreadful. Some lolled out their tongues, and rolled in agony upon the hot sand: and others, in a frenzy, jumped head foremost into the well, where they met with an immediate

death. The wretched monarch, almost overwhelmed with these scenes of suffering, at length succeeded in reaching Amercot with a few survivors, among whom was the sultana Hamida, who gave birth to Akber a few days afterwards.

Humaioon's misfortunes were not yet at an end. He was compelled to abandon his infant child, and fly to Persia, where he was hospitably received by Shah Tamasp, the sovereign of that country. In the mean time an Afghan, named Shere, or the Lion, acquired, from small beginnings, a great military power in Hindostan, and at length assumed the imperial title. He laid siege to the fortress of Callinger, where a bomb-shell from his own battery struck the wall of the fortress, and rebounded into the besieger's camp; the explosion of it killed the usurping emperor.

After various vicissitudes of fortune, Humaioon was restored to his throne. At his death, Akber succeeded him, when only twelve years old. During the long absence of Humaioon, the empire had been involved in great disorders, and Akber found that he had almost all the provinces to reconquer. Two usurpers were in arms against him, and no sooner was one rebel subdued than another started up.

The complete establishment of Akber's authority in the beginning of his reign, was greatly owing to the superior talents and energy of his minister Byram, who had successfully served under the emperor Humaioon, and continued for many years the vizier of his son. Akber himself had the good sense to perceive that the management of an empire was above the capacity of a raw youth like himself. He therefore devoted his time to study,

hunting, and other occupations suitable to his age; and, confiding in the wisdom and integrity of his vizier, did not minutely examine into the affairs of his administration.

Byram, thus overloaded with power and wealth, grew vain and insolent. He gave himself the airs of a despot, and began to oppress his inferiors without scruple. Akber was roused to prompt and decisive measures by these proceedings of his spoiled favorite. He summoned his omrahs, or princes, from all quarters, to meet him at Delhi. Here, having received from them the strongest assurances of their affectionate attachment, he issued a proclamation, declaring that Byram was dismissed from the regency, and that the emperor would henceforward take upon himself the sole administration of affairs. The degraded minister was banished to Mecca.

Akber commenced his administration by forbidding the extortion of money from the farmers; for these people had been compelled to make valuable presents to the public officers, under various pretexts. He then abolished the tolls and duties on goods which were carried from place to place, and the practice of pressing laborers into the army.

Numerous wars occupied the attention of Akber during the early part of his reign. By successive victories, he added many extensive provinces to the empire. In an interval of peace, he applied himself to the rebuilding of the ancient city of Agra, which he selected for his capital, instead of Delhi.

For the execution of this plan, he collected together the most skilful artisans from every quarter of the empire, as

architects, painters, sculptors, gilders, &c. The castle which he built here was the largest in Hindostan. It was four miles in length, and its lofty walls were constructed of enormous stones, of a red color, resembling jasper, which in the rays of the sun shone with great brilliancy. This castle was ornamented with many stately porticoes, galleries, and turrets, all richly painted and gilded, and some of them overlaid with plates of gold.

The gardens attached to the castle were laid out in the most exquisite taste, and decorated with all that could gratify the eye or regale the ear; the loveliest shades, the most blooming bowers, — grottos of the most refreshing coolness, fruits of the most delicious flavor, and cascades that never ceased to murmur. In front of the castle, towards the river, a large area was left for the exercise of the royal elephants, and the battles of wild beasts, in which spectacles the Hindoo emperors were accustomed to take great delight.

The traveller Mandeslo, who visited Agra in 1638, states that the palace of Agra was the most magnificent object that he had ever beheld. The avenue to the presence-chamber of the emperor was lined with rows of silver pillars. The chamber itself, which was of the size of a large hall, was adorned with pillars of gold; and the throne was of massy gold, incrustated with diamonds and other precious stones. One of the towers of the palace was also covered with plates of gold; and in this were contained the imperial treasures, in eight large vaults, which were filled with gold, silver, and precious stones of an inestimable value.

In a line with the imperial palace,

along the banks of the river, were ranged the magnificent palaces of the princes and great rajahs, who vied with each other in adorning the new metropolis. These majestic edifices were interspersed with avenues of lofty trees, broad canals, and beautiful gardens. Akber also erected in the city a great number of spacious caravanserais, bazaars, and mosques, remarkable for the elegance and grandeur of their architecture. He invited intelligent foreigners of all nations to settle at Agra, — built for them houses and stores, permitted to them the free use of their religion, and granted them various immunities.

The Portuguese were at that time the most enterprising commercial nation in the world. Akber opened an intercourse with that people, and invited the Portuguese government to send missionaries to India, that his subjects might learn something of Christianity. Strange to say, this Mohammedan prince appears to have understood the principles of religious toleration better than any Christian ruler of that day. In his letter to the king of Portugal, he censured, in the strongest terms, the "slavish propensity of mankind to adopt the religious opinions of their fathers without evidence or investigation," and desired to be furnished with translations of the religious books of the Christians, as well as other works of general utility.

In one of his proclamations, addressed to the officers of the empire, Akber makes the following remark: "The most acceptable adoration in this world, which a man can pay to his Maker, is faithfully to discharge his duties towards his fellow-creatures, discarding passion and partiality, and without distinction of friend or

foe, relative or stranger." He permitted the Portuguese to build a church and found a college in Agra, and he even endowed the college with a pension from his own treasury.

By these liberal and politic measures, Agra soon became the most flourishing city of Hindostan, and a thronged resort of Persian, Arabian, and Chinese merchants, besides those from the European settlements in India, who flocked in multitudes to this rich mart of commerce. Its name was changed to Akberabad, or the city of Akber.

Crowned with conquest, and fortunate in the completion of all his schemes, the genius of Akber expanded with the limits of his dominions. Owing to the energy of his character, and his personal bravery, he was enabled not only to uphold his vast authority, but to extend the limits of the empire beyond those of his predecessors. To control a constant succession of fearless and licentious conspirators, required a man who was the bravest of the brave. Many of his exploits were therefore rash in the extreme; but they were admired and extolled by the fierce spirits of the age, to whom courage was the most dazzling of human virtues, and daring enterprise the most captivating behavior, when set off with all the brilliancy of success.

Akber had a favorite secretary, named Abul Fazil, who was a man of great learning and ability. In the fortieth year of his reign, he employed this person in drawing up an accurate statistical account of his dominions, with the laws and regulations for the administration of public business in all departments. This work was written in Persian, which had been

for a long time the official language of Hindostan. It is a book of the highest value, and gives a most satisfactory and interesting description of the internal organization of the Great Mogul empire, at this period of its highest prosperity; besides affording information of great utility for the history and geography of Asia. An English translation of this work has been published in two volumes, under the title of "Ayeen Akbery," or the Institutions of Akber.

This sovereign may be justly ranked in fame with the greatest legislators and heroes of antiquity. His personal valor and presence of mind, on all occasions, were the astonishment of every one. As he was once hunting in the woods near Narvar, an enormous tigress, with five young ones, started up from the thicket before him. The emperor's retinue shrunk back at the sight of the fierce animal, whose eyes glared with rage and ferocity. Akber halted for a single moment, measured his distance with an accurate glance, then spurred his horse onward at a sudden leap, and, with one blow of his sabre, laid the furious beast dead at his feet.

All Eastern history is stained with war and bloodshed. The wars of Hindostan have been preëminent for slaughter and devastation. The following description is given by the Persian historian Ferishta, of one of the military transactions in Akber's reign.

"Akber laid siege to the strong fortress of Chittore, in Rajpootana, then governed by a Hindoo prince, named Jemal. This commander being killed in defending a breach, the garrison gave themselves up to despair, and, according to custom, destroyed their wives and children by a

Joar.* Akber led his men in person to the assault, and, having introduced 300 elephants of war into the fort, he ordered them to advance upon the enemy.

"The scene now became too shocking to be described. Brave men, rendered more valiant by despair, crowded around the elephants, seized them by the tusks, and inflicted on them unavailing wounds. The terrible animals trod the Hindoos like grasshoppers under their feet; or, twisting their powerful trunks around them, tossed them aloft into the air, or dashed them against the walls and pavements. Of 48,000 inhabitants and soldiers, 30,000 were slain."

Such scenes must necessarily occur in the life of an Eastern monarch, whose situation imposes upon him the sad task of leading armies to battle. The wars of Akber had for their object the establishment of a pacific system in the empire; and to him may be ascribed the glory of establishing, on a firm basis of united wisdom and equity, that mighty dominion, which his ancestor Baber founded in Hindostan, which Humaioo extended, but which it was left to Akber to perfect.

In civil and domestic concerns, Akber set a bright example to the potentates of the earth. He labored indefatigably for

* A *Joar* is one of those shocking practices which the frequent and bloody wars in Hindostan have rendered common in that country. When the Hindoos were attacked by the Mussulman invaders, and found resistance unavailing, they thrust their wives and children into the houses, with heaps of tow, fagots, oil, and other combustible materials, and set them on fire, that their families might be burnt alive, rather than fall into the hands of a barbarous enemy.

the general improvement of the people over whom he reigned with absolute power. Industry was encouraged; forests were felled; waste lands were brought into cultivation; the public finances were regulated; economy was introduced into every branch of the public expenditure; no heavy taxes were imposed; no poverty oppressed any class of the population: yet the clear revenues of the state amounted to 250,000,000 dollars a year.

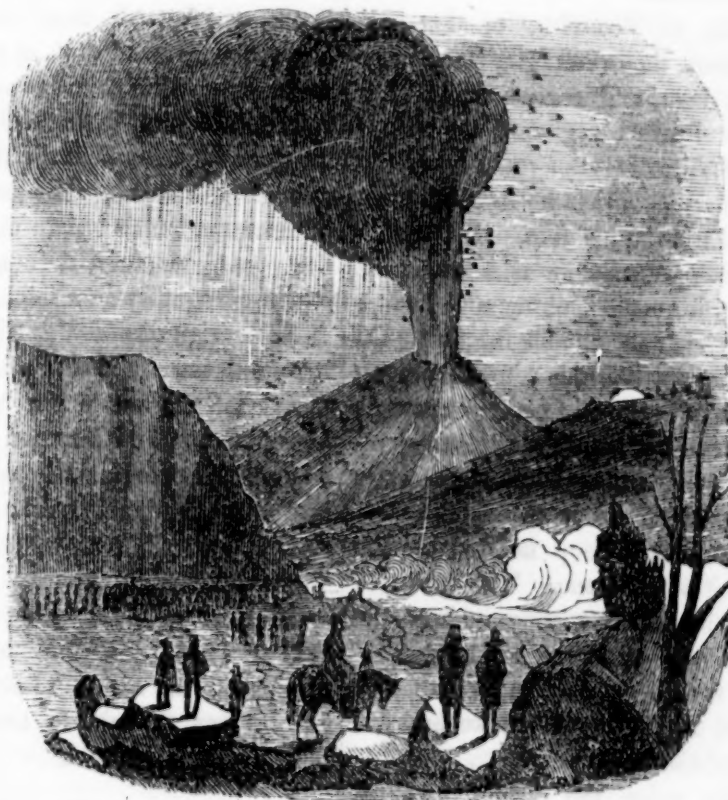
The reign of Akber, which lasted for half a century, is celebrated by the native writers, as the most prosperous and happy of all recorded in the annals of the empire; and his character is represented as almost the perfection of humanity. But he must be measured according to the Oriental standard,—and he cannot be regarded as free from some of the defects inseparable from Mohammedan despotism. Yet, when we consider him as a despot, educated in a harem, and governing millions, among whom his word was law, we must allow that the clemency, liberality, and elevation of mind exhibited by Akber are astonishing.

The "*Ayeen Akbery*" contains the noblest principles ever promulgated for the government of an Asiatic empire. At the same time it abounds with the most enlarged and liberal sentiments in religion and morals, at a period and in a country notable for superstition and depravity. Akber was the patron of letters and genius. He collected learned men at his court, and treated them with unbounded generosity.

Ferishta closes his account of the reign of Akber in the following words: "His faults were virtues carried to extremes; and if he sometimes did things beneath

the dignity of a great monarch, he never did any thing unworthy of a great man. The fame of his exploits spread so widely, that Hindostan, ever subject to rebellion, became settled and calm in his presence. He raised a wall of disciplined valor against the barbarians of Tartary,

and, by his own activity, inspired his subjects with enterprise. His name lives, and will forever live, the glory of the house of Timour, and an example of renown to the kings of the world." Akber died on the 13th of October, 1605.



Mount Vesuvius.

THIS famous volcano stands on the Bay of Naples, about eight miles from the city. In ancient times, it was remarkable for the luxuriance of the vegetation with which its sloping sides were covered; and the same may be seen at the present day, except in those spots laid waste by the streams of lava

from the fiery eruptions to which the mountain is subject.

On three sides this mountain overlooks a rich plain; while on the fourth it descends more abruptly to the shore of that beautiful bay, which, with its surrounding scenery, is justly regarded as one of the wonders of the world.

For a third of the way upward, the smooth brown side of the mountain appears dotted over with white houses, which are so numerous, near the base, as to form an uninterrupted line of buildings, for many miles in extent. Of the towns and villages to which these buildings belong, some contain 10,000, and even 15,000 inhabitants.

The cone of Vesuvius, or that part which contains the crater, is a steep mass of cinders, lava, and scorise, rising high above the cultivated region of the mountain. Here the traveller must leave the mule or ass on which he has begun his ascent, and trust to his feet. The climbing this steep eminence is a work of great labor, from the sinking and sliding of the volcanic ashes under the feet. On reaching the top, he finds himself among broken crags of lava, from the crevices of which arise hot sulphurous steams, indicating the dangerous character of the ground on which he is treading.

The crater is a deep hollow, on the very summit of the cone. The spectator is struck with its vast magnitude — the ruggedness and appalling abruptness of the sides, which go shelving down to a dark abyss, which vomits smoke and fire from an unfathomable depth.

From this point, the distant prospect appears in surprising contrast with the stern and awful sublimity of the interior of the mountain. The beautiful Bay of Naples; the blue waters of the Mediterranean; the fairy isles of Ischia, Procida, and Capri; the domes and towers of Naples; the lofty turrets of the castle of St. Elmo; the promontory of Posilippo, and the beautiful shore of Sorrento, — all compose a landscape which surpasses

the most elaborate and gorgeous description. He who sees for the first time this unequalled panorama expanding before him, may be ready to exclaim in the language of the Italian proverb, — “See Naples, and then die!”

The eruptions of Vesuvius have often been terrific; sometimes burying towns and cities under showers of ashes and floods of lava. It more frequently discharges volleys of dry, impalpable dust, which is so fine as to be sustained for a considerable time in the higher regions of the atmosphere, where the thin tall stream accumulates and spreads out in the shape of an umbrella, or Italian pine-tree. The dusty particles then descend over a vast extent of country in a thick shower.

Fifty eruptions of Vesuvius have been recorded since the Christian era. The most violent was in the year 79, when Herculaneum and Pompeii were destroyed; on this occasion the ashes were carried through the air as far as Egypt and Syria.

MEMORY. — Cyrus, king of Persia, was said to have known the names of all the soldiers in his army. Lucius Cornelius Scipio was thought to know the name of every man in Rome.

SOMEBODY tried to excuse a liar to Dr. Johnson, saying, “You must not believe more than half what he says!” “Ay,” replied the doctor; “but *which* half.”

ARISTOTLE, being asked why every one was fond of beauty, answered, “that it was a blind man’s question.”

"Take Care of Number One!"

CHAPTER XIX.

[Continued from p. 35.]

TAKING the road which Mabel had followed, Jacob proceeded at a rapid pace. It was not long before he saw the form of his old acquaintance before him. He soon came up with her, and respectfully bade her good morning. The girl looked up with some surprise, gazed intently at Jacob, and returned his salutation. She was now about sixteen. What a change since our young adventurer had seen her! She was then a child; affectionate, cheerful, and lively. She had a similar expression now, but there was a much deeper meaning in her countenance. Her hair was brown, and hung down in ample ringlets. Her deep-blue eyes were shadowed by long lashes. Her cheek was the color of the rose; the general expression of her face was that of good-humor and vivacity. Her form was light, and rather below the middling size.

It will not be thought strange that Jacob looked with admiration upon the change that time had wrought on the companion of his earlier days. He soon found means to commence a conversation; and then, stepping to the side of Mabel, he said, "By the way, allow me to ask if it is not Mabel Lane with whom I am speaking!" The girl replied in the affirmative. "Well," said he, "I have something for you, from your old acquaintance Jacob Karl."

"Indeed!" said she, with evident surprise and curiosity.

"Here it is," said Jacob, handing her a string of pearl beads. "I suppose you will accept them as they come from one

who seems to remember you with pleasure."

"They are very beautiful, indeed," said Mabel, taking them in her hand, and gazing at them with evident delight. "They are genuine pearls. Really, they are almost too beautiful for me," said she, seeming to hesitate.

"No, indeed," said Jacob. "Nothing can be too beautiful for you. I found them, — that is to say, Jacob Karl found them, himself. He was cast away on the coast of South America, where pearls are taken. He remained on a desolate island for several months. While there, he sometimes used to think of you; for he said, that you were once his only friend, and that you taught him to read. As he was roaming about the rocks on that desolate and lonely island, he occasionally found large oyster-shells washed to the shore. In these he would sometimes find a pearl; one by one he collected a number, and at last he had enough to make a string worthy of being presented to his former friend. So you see they were designed for you from the beginning. You surely will not refuse to accept them?"

Mabel made no reply, but looked inquisitively at Jacob, as if she recognized him; or as if her mind was busy with old remembrances. At last she said, "Where is Jacob Karl now?"

"Who can tell where a sailor is, here to-day and there to-morrow?" was the reply.

"But where did you see him last?" pursued Mabel.

Jacob did not answer, but turned the conversation. "What is the meaning of this?" said he, pointing to the ground. "The earth is blackened with coals, as

if this had been the scene of some conflagration. Say, what does it mean?"

"This spot," said Mabel, "is connected with a sad story. A barn was burned here, some years ago, and it was said that Jacob Karl set it on fire."

"Did you believe the story?" said the young man. "No—never," said Mabel, quickly; "and I am glad to hear, that what I believed at the time is now said to be true. Jacob was innocent, but he suffered almost as much as if he had been truly guilty!"

"Excuse me," said Jacob, taking Mabel's hand, and his eyes moistening as he spoke,—"excuse me, if I tell you that these words would give infinite pleasure to him of whom you speak, could he hear them. I must now bid you farewell; but we shall meet again!" Saying this, he turned backward, and left the young lady to pursue her walk.

It was the purpose of our adventurer to proceed at once to the town of R., to find his old friend Luther Munn, and to take counsel of him as to the recovery of the property which was left him by his father's will. He deemed it best to conceal his return; for he did not know how far lawyer Sponge might take advantage of the fact, should it come to his knowledge. At the end of two days, he reached the town, and quietly took lodgings at the only tavern in the place. When it came evening, he went forth, and, following the street, took his way toward the spot described at the commencement of our narrative. He wished once more to see the place where he had dwelt in his childhood, where his father lived and died, and where all his ideas of home and kindred centred. He fondly fancied the

place to be the same as in former days. The naked, barren piece of ground enclosed by a rail-fence, and remote from any dwelling, rose to his view. Bleak and repulsive as it might have been to others, as presented by memory, it seemed charming to him. He knew that the cottage was in ruins, but he fancied that old Fire-eyes would be there, and give him a welcome.

Full of these thoughts, Jacob hardly remarked the change that had taken place along the road he was travelling since his departure. New buildings had arisen on either side; what was then a lonely lane seemed now growing into a street. At last, he reached the spot which he had come to visit. It is not easy to describe his astonishment at seeing the barren old homestead occupied with a fine three-story brick house. The sequel must be reserved for another chapter.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Aurora Borealis.

THIS luminous oscillating meteor appears at night, and most usually in frosty weather. It is seldom seen towards the equator, but appears with the greatest lustre towards the polar regions, where its effulgence affords a very beautiful light. This phenomenon is supposed to result from the movement of electricity through the air. Its appearance has sometimes caused great terror to those who were unacquainted with its harmless effect.

THE most becoming dress is that which attracts the least notice.



Talks and Walks.

CHAPTER VIII.

[Continued from p. 54.]

WE soon found it very expensive staying at a hotel, and accordingly we looked out for lodgings. We easily supplied ourselves with rooms that suited us, and were speedily established in our new quarters. We were now at leisure to look about the great city. There was no difficulty in finding objects to amuse and interest us.

Indeed, when we went into the streets, there were so many things to attract at-

tention and excite curiosity, that my companions were almost bewildered. Izzy was constantly crying out at the shop windows, "O, see this!" and "O, see that!" and Ike was hardly behind her in his exclamations of surprise and delight.

We lived pretty near the great street of Paris called the *Boulevards*. This is over four miles in length, and more than one hundred feet in width. A great part of the way, the walks on each side are thirty feet wide. It runs, in an irregular bending line, nearly through the centre of Paris. It is a favorite promenade of the

citizens, and from morning to night is thronged with people.

Nowhere in the world is there such another street as this. On each side, the buildings appear like a succession of palaces. The Boston Museum, in Tremont Street, is a lofty and elegant building, but it would appear insignificant by the side of hundreds of the hotels, coffee-houses, theatres, shops, and private houses, of the Boulevards. Many of these are seven stories high, richly ornamented in their architecture, and decorated with balconies, balustrades, and rich cornices.

The shops on each side of this wonderful street are very numerous. Every thing under the sun seems to be offered for sale here. Some present objects of great value, others are filled with articles which are interesting from their curious ingenuity. These shop windows are fitted up with great art, so as to be very attractive to the passers-by.

Well, as I have said, this great street was our favorite resort; almost every day we took a stroll through it; we seemed drawn thither by a kind of magic. Frequently, I would find Izzy's little hand pulling me towards the Boulevards, even although she did not ask me to go there. When we got upon the broad, smooth pavement, we fell into the living current and sauntered along with it. It is one of the great comforts of this place, that nobody is in a hurry; there is no pushing and shoving, even where there are fifty-thousand people in the street, and the pavements are thickly covered as far as the eye can reach. Every body has an air of leisure. Hundreds are constantly stopping at the shop windows, and hundreds more are pausing to purchase bouquets

of the flower girls, or trinkets of the pedlers, that offer their wares on every side.

It is impossible not to be amused in such a place as this. The interest also seems to be renewed every day. You have the same streets and the same buildings, but a constant change of objects in other respects. New faces and new forms present themselves every day of the year. The merchandise in the shop windows is constantly undergoing a change. The toys, the bonnets, the shawls, the trinkets, the ornaments of to-day, give place to new styles and new patterns to-morrow. New books, new pictures, new engravings, new devices and inventions, are put before the beholder with endless and untiring succession.

It is discouraging to undertake to describe such a wonderful place as this. I wish all my little readers could be with me in Paris. I should like to march at the head of ten thousand of them through the Boulevards. What a roar of exclamations there would be, on such an occasion as that! But this cannot be,—so I must do the best I can; and, as I have undertaken to give an account of our "Talks and Walks" in Paris, I must proceed with my task.

Well, kind reader, suppose Ike, Izzy, and I, to be sauntering forth upon one of our strolls. Descending from our apartment, which is up five pair of stairs, we get into the street, which is very narrow. Passing along this, we come to a large space, which is called the *Square of the Madeleine*. This square is surrounded by dwellings. In the centre is the famous church, which gives name to the place. It has no steeple or tower, but is

in fact an imitation of an ancient Greek temple. The roof is supported by a range of lofty columns encircling the building. The edifice covers nearly an acre and a half of ground. It is beautifully proportioned, and its magnitude renders it sublime.

By the side of the church, and upon the open court, is the chief flower-market of Paris. At all seasons of the year, spring, summer, autumn, and winter, this place is crowded with flowers of every hue and every form. Some hundreds of women are often here; and, as you pass along, they invite you, by soft words and winning smiles, to purchase their posies. They have little pots and big pots; they have bouquets of all sizes; they have flowers of every hue and every name. If you do not like red, they can furnish you with blue. The price of flowers here is very low; a very pretty bouquet, in January, will cost you but a franc, that is, twenty cents. It is impossible not to be tempted by smiling women and blooming flowers, especially when both are so reasonable.

But we must not stop so long at one place, or we shall never get through the Boulevards. Let us proceed. We pass by several shops filled with paintings and engravings; vast establishments of old bronzes, vases, and other curiosities. We pass by toy-shops, book-stores, jewelry-stores, dry-goods-stores, &c. At length we come to a strange-looking building called *the Chinese Baths*. This is a very large edifice, constructed in the Chinese fashion. If you go in at the entrance, you might imagine yourself in Canton or Peking. You find yourself surrounded by curiously-painted jars and pots, with

flowers which have evidently come from the other side of the world. If you choose to proceed, you may have a bath, hot or cold, long or short, cheap or dear. If you desire it, your bath may be perfumed with cologne or otto of roses. If you please, you may be rubbed over, from head to foot, with the most luxurious mixtures of soaps, ointments, and perfumes, that the art of man can invent.

A little beyond the Chinese Baths, is a favorite *Bazaar*. Here you enter a narrow passage, and, going along, soon find yourself in a vast hall filled with merchandise of almost every kind under the sun. It is, in fact, a congregation of little establishments, yet altogether embracing an endless variety of articles. There are at least one hundred women here, ready to wait upon you. One has every species of toys that you can imagine. O! how Izzy did exclaim as she looked at the dolls! There was every variety, from the little simple baby-doll, of an inch long, up to the flaunting young lady-doll, covered with ribbons and roses.

Another of the shop-keepers will show you all kinds of shell-ware; another all kinds of bronzes; another will show you watches; another clocks. One invites you to buy kitchen articles, and another tempts you with cabinet-furniture. You will be fortunate, if you get out of this place with as much money in your pocket as you had when you went in.

But what means that group at the shop window, over the other side of the street? Let us go and see. It is very curious, certainly. Here is a little model of a sofa-bedstead, which is constantly opening and shutting, and showing how it is at one time a rich sofa covered with silk, and

how at another time it becomes a bedstead covered with a mattress. These curious movements are performed by machinery within the little bedstead, yet it seems almost to be alive, and to do its work of its own head. The object of this contrivance is to attract attention, and to let people know that sofa-bedsteads, after this model, are to be had within the shop where the exhibition is made.

We go a little farther, and behold a small knot of people gathered upon the sidewalk. We peep among them, and catch a glimpse of a boy fancifully dressed, and performing curious tricks. He lays a cloth down upon the sidewalk, and then he stands upon his head, walks upon his hands, with his feet in the air, and executes a number of wonderful evolutions.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

The Story of Chicama.

[Concluded from p. 59.]

CHAPTER XV.

PASSING on a few steps, the Interpreter turned an angle of the rock, and, stooping a little, entered a natural arch, which proved to be the opening to an extensive cavern. Chicama followed, and the two were soon standing in the cave.* A long conference now took place between them. It was finally agreed that the Interpreter should proceed to the castle, learn the state of affairs, and bring back intelligence as speedily as possible to Chicama. Upon this errand he immediately departed. In about an hour he returned, and informed Chicama of an interview he had witnessed between Valverde and Pizarro. In this, the latter avowed his in-

tention of seeking the fair hand of the Peruvian maiden. He said that Cortez had been greatly aided in his conquest of Mexico by the beautiful Marina; he believed it would be sound policy for him, in a similar manner, to employ the favor and services of Runa. As to Orano, Valverde was to use him as an instrument to bend the will of the princess to the chieftain's wishes.

Chicama could scarcely restrain his indignation on hearing this detail. Nor was his alarm less excited. He knew the fierce character of Pizarro, and the unscrupulous nature of the priest. He felt that any means which might be necessary for their purpose, however cruel they might be, would be employed without scruple. Yet what could he do? his chief hope was now reposed in the Peruvian.

The subject was fully canvassed and several plans were proposed. It was finally determined to wait until further information could be obtained, and means suited to the emergency be devised.

In the mean time it was agreed that Chicama should remain in the cave. Before leaving him, the Interpreter informed him that the cavern was of great dimensions, and communicated by artificial galleries with the castle. As they had no torch, it was impossible now to explore it. He suggested that, perhaps, the best method of effecting the escape of the priest and princess, would be by this communication; but it would require assistance. Upon this, and other matters, he promised to obtain information, and took his leave.

Our adventurer being left alone in the cavern, sat down upon a rock and gave

himself up to thought. The place was gloomy, and imparted a gloomy tinge to his reveries. For a time, he anxiously revolved the recent events connected with himself, in his mind. He then dwelt upon the perilous condition of Runa, and the white-haired priest, Orano. Turning at last, from these topics, he began to reflect upon his own strange position. Far away from his native country, — separated from those he had been accustomed to love, — he was also separated from his companions in arms, his countrymen, those with whom he had come to this distant land. He was in a state of opposition to them, and was engaged in counteracting the schemes and designs of their leader.

These things pressed heavily upon his heart. To relieve his feelings he arose and walked forth from the cavern into the fresh air. His spirits revived a little, and his mind took a different turn. "Why," said he to himself, "should I pursue these wild and absurd adventures? Why detach myself from my friends and associates, and connect my fortunes with this Peruvian maid, and this fanatic priest? Am I prepared to separate myself from my country forever? Shall I turn my back upon Spain; its arts, refinement, and religion?"

While these things were passing in the mind of the wanderer, a large bird rose heavily before him, and flew to a short distance. He, however, pursued his walk, but he shortly came upon a scene which struck him with indescribable horror. Just without the wall of the city, a fresh excavation had been made in the earth. This was filled with the dead bodies of those who had been slain a few days be-

fore, in the attack of the Spaniards upon the Peruvians. The ghastly heap rose high above the surface of the ground; and here were seen the forms of men, women, and children, bloody and mutilated, crushed together in one confused and putrefying mass. On the stones around, the vultures sat brooding by moonlight, gorged with the feast they had made the preceding evening, and ready to renew their revel with the dawn of day.

With indescribable disgust, Chicama turned suddenly back and retraced his steps. "This, this," said he to himself, "is the work of Spaniards! of Spaniards, too, with the cross inscribed upon their banner, and the priest and his prayer-book in their van. What had these poor Indians done, to offend them? What crime had these men, these women, and these children, committed against the king of Spain, or the Holy Church? Nothing, nothing! They have fallen, the innocent victims of that raging thirst for gold which now animates Pizarro and his band. Alas! how cruel, how fearful is their work! Worse than the very vultures, they destroy the living form, while these foul birds wait, and only feast upon the insensible body. O! I am almost ready to curse the very name of Spaniard; to forswear my country, and to renounce its religion. I will, at least, make an effort in behalf of this Peruvian maiden. She has once saved my life. I will peril mine, if need be, to save hers."

At this point of his reverie Chicama returned to the mouth of the cavern. He entered it, and was soon buried within its shadows. He sat himself down and remained for an hour; the minutes seemed to drag on heavily. He became impa-

tient for the return of the Interpreter. He again waited for some time, but no one came. He arose with a feeling of uneasiness, and walked farther into the cavern. The floor became rough and broken, but he still passed on. He was soon beyond the dim light which entered at the mouth of the cave. The darkness was intense; and a silence like that of the grave rested upon the place. Chicama paused; a kind of awe crept over him, and he was about to return. At this moment his feet slipped and he fell forward. He was instantly plunged to a considerable depth, striking at the bottom upon the naked rock. Stunned and bewildered, he was for some minutes unable to rise.

At last, with a strong effort, he stood up; gathering his thoughts as well as he could, he began to consider his position. It was indeed appalling. There was not a ray of light to direct his course. Feeling around, he perceived that he was encompassed by a mass of jagged rocks. He was afraid to move, lest he should be engulfed by some abyss, that might lie around him. A sense of horror and a feeling of dizziness began to come over him. At the very moment he was about to give himself up to despair, a flash of light passed through the dungeon, and a shrill, piercing scream came upon his ear.

Chicama instantly knew the voice; it was that of Runa. His thoughts rallied in an instant. She was in danger; she was beset; he must fly to her relief. The rays that had glanced through the gloom, had given him a momentary view of the surrounding objects, and the path that led to the place from which the voice

had issued. Rough and broken as it was, Chicama hesitated not a moment to proceed in that direction. Guided by a wavering light which shone through a crevice, he at last reached what seemed to be the wall of the castle. He listened, and heard sounds within. There was the heavy tread of men, and the echo of rough voices; sighs and groans followed, mingled with curses and imprecations.

Chicama was able, at first, only to conjecture a part of the truth. But an incident soon occurred which unfolded the whole scene to his view. By a movement of the men within, a loose stone in the wall was removed, and through the crevice which was opened he could survey the scene. Valverde had put in execution his terrific threat. Orano had refused to renounce his religion and accept baptism from the hands of the Catholic priest. He had accordingly been subjected to the rack; he now lay stretched out upon the frame, his joints wrenched from their sockets, and his whole form displaying the most fearful agony. Two soldiers stood by the rack, and appeared to be working the machine, at the bidding of Valverde. Runa was leaning against the wall; she seemed to be fainting, and was partly supported by the priest. At the same time he addressed her, "You can save him still," said he; "he deserves nothing but punishment here and hereafter. He adores the sun, and not the Virgin. He kneels to one of the heavenly bodies, and not to the cross. It is in mercy to his soul that he is here tortured upon the rack. Yet even this shall cease, if you will comply with the wishes of Pizarro. Be his bride, and Orano shall go free."

Runa shuddered, but she did not speak. Valverde turned to the men at the wheel, and they were about to apply their strength to increase the agony of the victim, when they were suddenly arrested by the voice of Chicama, "Fiends! murderers! stay your unholy work!" At the same time, impelled by frenzy, he seized upon a projecting stone in the wall, and, wrenching it with all his force, it gave way, and fell to the earth with a crash. Several other stones followed, and, in the opening thus made, Chicama stood before the occupants of the room. Dressed in skins, and wild with excitement, he suddenly confronted the Spaniards at the wheel. The strange image seemed to strike them with supernatural horror; they let go their hold, and rushed from the room. Valverde dropped the arm of Runa and also fled. Rushing from the place, under the idea that a trick of sorcery had been wrought upon them, they left Chicama in full possession of the room. While he hesitated an instant what to do, he saw torches flashing from the cavern. In a moment, the Interpreter and two attendants appeared.

A brief explanation followed. The lacerated form of the priest was gently disengaged from the rack, and borne through the opening in the wall to the cavern below. Runa followed, assisted by Chicama. After they had proceeded some distance, the party paused. Some skins were thrown upon the ground, and the form of the priest was laid upon them. He still breathed, but continued for some time in a state of insensibility. At last his eyes opened, and he looked around. Seeing Runa, he beckoned her to him. She knelt down, and he spoke

in a low tone. "Priestess of the Sun!" said he, "It is all over! Orano must die!" "O, no, no!" said Runa, "you must not die! You are now safe. The young Spaniard has delivered us. See, here are friends, Peruvians, around us!"

"No, no," said the priest, "my hour is come. The shadows of death are falling around me. My visions have proved vain; my hopes have bewildered me. The doom of the incas is hastening on. Huascar is dead. Atahualpa is the prisoner of Pizarro. Other fearful events stand fulfilled before my vision. The descendants of the incas will be cut off; the temples of the Sun will be crumbled in ruins. Fly, Runa, fly!" "Spaniard," said he, turning his eye upon Chicama, "be thou her guide and protector; her hope must be in thee. He who watched over her youth, and instructed her in the holy ceremonies of the altar; he who has been to her as a father and spiritual monitor, can watch over her no more. Bury me in this cavern; here my bones shall repose in peace. As Heaven frowns upon Peru, and its religion, it is fit that its priest should sleep where the rays of the sun can never enter. Runa, farewell! Fly! fly to the mountains! There, and there alone, is peace."

The spirit of the priest departed. His form was buried in a hollow of the cavern. Chicama and Runa fled. The Interpreter was their guide; they took their way towards those mountain heights, which rise to the clouds in Southern Peru. Here the distinct records of history end. We must close our story with a vague tradition that Chicama and Runa found a peaceful valley in the mountains, where they spent the remainder of their

days. They were joined by several members of the incarial family, and finally their number was increased to a considerable village. They reared a temple, where Runa, true to her virgin vows, continued to officiate at the altar. Chicama followed externally the same worship, but his mind often turned upon the doctrines of that religion in which he had been educated: and when he died the Peruvians, in compliance with his request, placed a cross at the head of his grave.

Robin Hood.

THIS person is very famous in old English history, and the popular ballads and traditions of the country people of England. He is supposed to have lived in the twelfth century, during the reign of Richard, surnamed Cœur de Lion.

When William duke of Normandy conquered England, and made himself king there, he introduced his Norman followers into the country, and gave them the lands of the conquered Saxons. These Norman chieftains were tyrannical and oppressive toward the country people, driving them from their farms and houses, and compelling great numbers of them to seek refuge from their oppressors in the woods and solitary places. Here they lived in bands, enjoying a sort of wild independence, and encouraging each other to keep up the old Saxon national spirit. They subsisted by hunting deer and other game; and sometimes they attacked the Norman chiefs and plundered them. In this manner they lived in a state of out-

lawry, the government being unable to expel them from their hiding-places.

The most famous of these outlaws was Robin Hood. He was born at the town of Locksley, in Nottinghamshire, and dwelt in the forest of Sherwood. His favorite companions were Little John, and Friar Tuck; the latter was said to be a monk, who officiated as Robin Hood's chaplain. Robin Hood himself is often called by the old chroniclers, *earl of Huntington*, but it is doubtful whether he had any legal claim to this title; his true name seems to have been Robert Fitz Ooth.

His exploits were a common subject of ballads and songs from the time of Edward III., though many of these poems, now extant, appear to have been composed or altered in later times. They celebrate Robin Hood's skill in archery, and the considerate manner in which he carried on his maraudings and robberies. He was famous for robbing the rich for the purpose of giving to the poor, and this made his story a great favorite with the common people.

Stow, the old English chronicler, gives the following account of him. "In this time, about the year 1190, were many robbers and outlaws, among which Robin Hood and Little John, renowned thieves, continued in woods, despoiling and robbing the goods of the rich. They killed none but such as would invade them, or by resistance for their own defence.

"The said Robert entertained an hundred tall men, and good archers, with such spoils and thefts as he got, upon whom four hundred (were they ever so strong) durst not give the onset. He suffered no woman to be oppressed, or otherwise molested. Poor men's goods

ROBIN HOOD.



Robin Hood and Little John.

he spared, abundantly relieving them with that which, by theft, he got from abbeyes, and the houses of rich earls."

Drayton, an old English poet, thus speaks of Robin Hood in his poem entitled "Polyolbion : " —

"From wealthy abbots' chests,
And churches' abundant store,
What oftentimes he took,
He shared among the poor.

No lordly bishop came
In lusty Robin's way ;
To him before he went
But for his pass must pay.
The widow in distress
He graciously relieved ;
And remedied the wrongs
Of many a virgin grieved."

Major, the Scottish historian, declares that Robin Hood was indeed an arch robber, but "the gentlest thief that ever

was." He seems to have been as famous in Scotland as in England. There is no doubt that this celebrated outlaw and his wild companions carried on their depredations without any regard to the rights of property. But it must be considered, on the other hand, that the laws and regulations established by the Norman kings of England, for the purpose of maintaining their parks and hunting grounds, were most severe and tyrannical, and directly calculated to drive the people into desperate ways of life.

William the Conqueror had no less than sixty-eight forests, thirty-one *chases*, and seven hundred and eighty-one parks, in England, for his private use. William Rufus, his successor, laid waste thirty miles of territory, by driving the country people from their fields and dwellings, in order to form, what was called *the New Forest*. By the severe "forest laws" any man who killed a deer belonging to the king, was punished by having his eyes plucked out, and other barbarous acts of mutilation.

But as the English in those days, before the discovery of gunpowder, were trained up from boyhood to the use of the long bow, and excelled all other nations of Europe in the art of shooting with this weapon, they often infringed these laws with impunity. Troops of banditti, similar to that of Robin Hood, were commonly lurking about the royal forests, and from their superior skill in archery, and their knowledge of the recesses of the wild solitudes of the country, found it no difficult matter to kill and carry off the king's deer.

How great a favorite Robin Hood was with the country people of England in former times, we may judge from the

following account given by Bishop Latimer, in one of his sermons.

"I came once myself to a place, riding on a journey home from London; and I sent word over night into the town that I would preach there in the morning because it was a holiday. And methought it was a holiday's work. The church stood in my way, and I took my horse, and my company, and went thither. I thought I should have found a great company in the church; and when I came there the church door was fast locked. I tarried there half an hour and more, and at last the key was found, and one of the parish comes to me and says, 'Sir, this is a busy day with us. We cannot hear you; it is Robin Hood's day. The parish are gone abroad to gather for Robin Hood, I pray you let [*hinder*] them not.' I was fain then to give place to Robin Hood." The sermon in which the above anecdote is related was preached before King Edward VI.

The exploits of this renowned outlaw have been the theme of a great multitude of compositions both in prose and verse, the catalogue of the romances and ballads on this subject is very long, and shows the general interest which the English people of old times, felt in the romantic history of Robin Hood. In a future number of this magazine, we may offer to our readers some specimens of these old legends and popular ditties.

The close of Robin Hood's life has been described in the following manner. Having for a long series of years maintained a sort of independent sovereignty, and set kings, judges, and magistrates at defiance, a proclamation was published offering a considerable reward to any per-

son who would capture him, either alive or dead. Nobody, however, dared to attempt his arrest, or he was too much a favorite with all his neighbors to allow them to entertain any desire to see this done. At length, the infirmities of old age came upon him, and during a fit of sickness he found it necessary to be bled. For this purpose he applied to the prioress of a nunnery, in Yorkshire; as the women of the religious orders were, in that age, famous for their skill in surgery. This woman treacherously bled him to death, November 18, 1247, he being then in his eighty-seventh year. He was buried under a stone by the highway.

The following epitaph was written on him, although the language has been modernized to make it intelligible to common readers.

"Here, underneath this little stone,
Through Death's assaults now lieth one,
Known by the name of Robin Hood,
Who was a thief and archer good.
Full thirty years and something more,
He robbed the rich to feed the poor;
Therefore his grave bedew with tears,
And offer for his soul your prayers."

Coliseum.

THOUGH the Roman empire had extended its conquests over the greater portion of the earth, and though some of its citizens possessed attainments of the highest order, but little attention was paid to the instruction and moral improvement of the population. Hence the great mass were remarkable for their ignorance and brutality. In process of time, when, from a variety of causes, the

government became unpopular, the rulers availed themselves of this ignorance and brutality, and sought favor with the populace by the introduction of shows and entertainments suited to their depraved taste. In the later periods of the empire, the character of the people became still more debased by these savage exhibitions, so that it was thought advisable to erect very large amphitheatres, where many thousands could assemble together. Large sums were expended, and an incredible number of beasts, and many human beings, were put to death. But these sports and spectacles gradually destroyed the love of independence and of country, and greatly assisted in the overthrow of the state.

The Coliseum at Rome, the ruins of which still remain, was erected by the emperor Vespasian, who reigned about 50 years after Christ. It was ornamented with statues representing all the provinces in the empire, one in the centre being intended to personify Rome itself. The building was sixteen hundred and twelve feet in circumference, and would hold one hundred thousand spectators. In the inner circle were exhibited cruel combats between men and wild beasts, and during some of the great festivals, between three and four hundred beasts were slain. The men selected to fight on these occasions were of different classes; some were *condemned criminals*, who were allowed the chance of saving their lives by slaying the beast opposed to them. Some were furnished with defensive weapons; but they were more frequently exposed, unarmed, to the fury of the beast, the spectators deriving a horrid kind of amusement from their desperate and frantic efforts to prolong their exist-

ence. Another class of combatants, called *gladiators*, were regularly trained for the purpose; men in desperate circumstances, who sought a precarious subsistence by displaying their dexterity and courage. But the majority were *captives* taken in war, or *criminals*, acting under compulsion. During the persecutions of the early Christians, one mode of punishing them for preaching "*peace* upon earth, and *good-will* among men," was

the casting them, in a defenceless state, to wild beasts in these amphitheatres, or places similarly enclosed. Of these buildings nothing remain but the ruins, fragments of which are from time to time employed in the erection of palaces and other human habitations.

True friendship is like good health. The value of it is seldom known till it is lost.

Youthful Example.

MUSIC BY E. L. WHITE. COMPOSED FOR MERRY'S MUSEUM.

What if a lit - tle drop should say, So small a drop as I

Can ne'er re - fresh these thirs - ty fields, I'll tar - ry in the sky?

What if a shining beam of noon
Should in its fountain stay,
Because its feeble light alone
Cannot create a day?

Doth not each rain-drop help to form
The cool, refreshing shower;

And every ray of light to warm
And beautify the flower?

Then let each child its influence give,
O Lord, to truth and thee;
Then shall its power by all be felt,
However small it be.